



NOW THEN.

A MAGAZINE FOR SHEFFIELD. DAN MUMFORD. THE PETEBOX. NO QUARTER. ISSUE 5. FREE.



NOW THEN MAGAZINE. AN OPUS CREATION.

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NOW THEN.

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AUGUST 2008.

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WE AIM.

TO INFORM PEOPLE HONESTLY.

TO RAISE AWARENESS OF INDEPENDENT ART, LITERATURE, MUSIC AND TRADE.

TO REVEAL THE LINKS BETWEEN ART, MUSIC, LITERATURE, CULTURE AND LOCAL POLITICS.

TO CREATE A PRO-ACTIVE COMMUNITY, WHICH REFLECTS AND ACTS IN AN INFORMED MANNER ON CULTURAL AND SOCIAL ISSUES.

TO CULTIVATE AND EMPOWER INDEPENDENT CHOICE, VOICE AND RESPONSIBILITY.

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NOW THEN.
A MONTH OF PROTEST.

Success against the proposed BNP conference in Southey Sheffield.
Protests by the Karen outside the city hall (calling for democracy in Burma).
Plus strikes for fairer pay throughout the country.
In 'fact' this year, there's been more democratic protest than ever previously recorded in Britain.

This month I recommend Philip Davies article on Islamic studies
and the documentary Zeitgeist. Check it out in the favourites.

Dan Mumford is our man of art this month. His attention to detail is obscene.
We also welcome No Quarter to our midst - just the right kind of fiction for free ears.

Cheers.

NICK.

The views expressed in the following articles are the opinions of
the writers and not necessarily those of NOW THEN magazine.
Enjoy the read.

Recycling Revolution



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**RECYCLING
REVOLUTION.**

HOW DO YOU FEEL WHEN YOU SEE A GANG OF YOUNG PEOPLE WALKING DOWN THE STREET? WHAT IF THAT STREET WAS ON THE MANOR? WHAT IF THEY HAD THEIR HOODS UP AND WERE SWAGGERING TO URBAN BEATS PUMPING FROM THEIR TINNY PHONE SPEAKERS? I'M ASHAMED TO ADMIT IT, BUT I'D PROBABLY WANT TO CROSS THE ROAD.

Although we might consider ourselves too intelligent to be influenced by the hysterical propaganda of the tabloid press, sometimes the cultural climate surrounding issues of safety is difficult to resist. Moreover, many people have witnessed anti-social behaviour from groups of young people at some point and as a result feel suspicious of them all.

Whilst this desire for self-preservation is somewhat understandable, this reaction is difficult to justify. How would you feel if you heard someone express these concerns about black or Asian people? Horrified, I imagine, and rightly so. However, it seems our society finds discrimination against young people more justifiable than other forms of bigotry.

Shops often have signs in the window saying that no more than two young people may enter at any one time. I can't imagine this kind of discrimination being tolerated on the grounds of gender, ethnicity or sexuality.

The flipside of the coin is the issue of youth provision in our city. Where anti-social behaviour does occur amongst young people, it's often a result of boredom. This is especially likely in Sheffield's more deprived communities where parents may not have the time or resources to provide their children with engaging activities.

Adults often complain that today's young people spend too much time in front of the TV but hanging out on the streets is often unsafe or gets branded as intimidating to others.

In an ideal world, young people would be able to spend their free time pursuing activities they enjoyed whilst gaining new skills and potentially contributing to their local community at the same time.

In response to public concerns about young people's behaviour, Sheffield City Council has launched the Kids Can Do programme. The scheme will inject £691,000 into activities for children and young people over the summer. The funds will be distributed through a number of consortiums, each made up of several existing youth providers. These include a group representing the arts, an environmental consortium and a team targeting young people at risk of offending.

Obviously, the summer holidays are a key time when young people could be channelled into positive activities and increasing the amount of things to do at this time of year is a sensible choice. However, throwing money at problems doesn't always provide a solution and the way in which these systems are carried out is crucial to their effectiveness.

Young people are often interested in expressing their difference and individuality and thus it can be challenging to engage them in community activities. Considering the discrimination they often face from perceived sources of authority, it is understandable that it often takes time for organisations to build up working relationships with young people in any particular area.

The sporadic nature of funding for youth activities makes this issue yet harder to overcome. Many groups don't know where their next year - or even month - of funding is coming from. This makes forming relationships, building an infrastructure and developing a strong team of staff very difficult.

The Kids Can Do programme hopes to continue providing an increased range of activities throughout the coming year, but what organisations really need is secure funding in the long term rather than having chunks of work bought by the council to fit a perceived gap. Any increase in provision will certainly help these groups to meet the needs of under-stimulated young people in Sheffield, but only time will tell if this scheme will follow through on its promises.

CASSIE KILL.

YOUTHS.

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WAKEY WAKEY IT'S THE SHAKEY.

ON GIBRALTAR STREET, SHALESMOOR. LOOK ON THE MAP ON THE BACK
TO SEE WHERE WE ARE AT. IN THIS MONTH OF AUGUST, OH BOY DO WE
HAVE SOME TREATS FOR YOU. YES WE DO. WE REALLY DO.

SATURDAY 9TH -

DREAM MACHINE PRESENTS: ACID MOTHERS TEMPLE,
THE TELESCOPES, BEN NASH AND THE LIGHT SHINES.

**SUNDAY 24TH - DREAM MACHINE PRESENTS: THE WARLOCKS,
ELECTRIC KOOLAID COMPANY, SWEET JANE AND SEA SEA.**

**THURSDAY 28TH TO SATURDAY 30TH - LES SONS DU NORD II FESTIVAL
ROTARY TEN, THE YELL, NAT JOHNSON, SOY UN CABALLO, APPLESEEDS,
FRANK SHINOBI, YO YO STATIC, INSTANT PARTY AND LOTS, LOTS MORE.**

THERE'S MORE GOING ON BESIDES THAT LITTLE LOT, INCLUDING WE ARE
ONE ON FRIDAY 1ST. WHICH IS OUR THIRST BIRTHDAY. WE'LL BE PLAYING
SILLY RECORDS AND WEARING STUPID HATS. BUT PROBABLY NOT MUCH
ELSE.

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NO QUARTER

GILLETTE SOLVES GLOBAL 'GENTLY EXFOLIATING TWIN ACTION SMOOTH GLIDE RAZOR' CRISIS

A key breakthrough was made in the 'war on the terror of ageing' this week as a team of researchers at US razor company Gillette announced the development of a new technology that has the potential to wipe out the shortage of gently exfoliating twin action razors currently affecting women around the world.

The team's findings, to be published in magazine adverts and television commercials in the coming weeks, will explain how special built-in exfoliation pads will end the plight of women who up until now have had to exfoliate after they shave – or in some extreme cases, not exfoliate at all.

According to the adverts, the pads are built right into the razor cartridge, thereby 'eliminating' the need for further exfoliation whilst keeping skin taut and young-looking. The findings will also expose the previously unknown dangers of using razors without uniquely dimpled finger rests, twin-action spring-mounted blades, or innovative micro-fins to gently stretch the skin.

A spokesman for Gillette confirmed that the new 'Venus Breeze' will allow women to discontinue using gravely inferior razors such as the Wilkinson Sword Quattro II and the BIC Soleil for Women. "With the launch of 'Venus Breeze', we are confident that the crisis in women's shaving and exfoliation has been dealt with at the source."

The crisis was first identified during a series of user testing focus groups run by Gillette's in-house market research team in February this year. After a month of discussing their shaving routines in detail, thirteen percent of women conceded that streamlining their exfoliation and shaving activities might impact on their life in some positive way.

Gillette's head of research and development, Brad Acre, told No Quarter how the company reacted to the news. "It took us all by surprise. We believed our work was done after Venus Vibrance – we really thought that groundbreaking vibrating head would finally relieve women of their shaving misery. But when the reports came back that women were still having to exfoliate their legs before they shaved, it shook us all pretty badly. We knew we couldn't just stand by and watch."

Gillette's razor marks the high point in a series of positive advances made by skincare retailers in the western-led 'war on the terror of ageing'. In December 2006, for instance, the Body Shop brought to an end the search for a non-greasy triple action glycerin and panthenol moisturiser with its Tea Tree Oil Mattifying Gel.

Just six months later, Olay produced its Regenerist Night Cream, whose time-release formula finally harnessed the cell regeneration potential of its own exclusive amino peptide complex.

And in May this year the L'Oreal corporation, in coalition with the Boots and Superdrug retail chains, announced that it was "just months away" from completing work on the Hydra-10 UltraLift afternoon facial cream, a pioneering new product whose "special deep-working agents" and "laboratory-tested anti-oil formula" could counter the previously unpublicised dangers of not using an afternoon facial cream containing special deep-working agents and laboratory-tested anti-oil formulas.

In the wake of Gillette's discovery, the three companies have promised to intensify their efforts to formulate yet more revolutionary new anti-ageing products, all of which will be made readily available to those who will subsequently need them.

REPORT: BRITAIN'S DWINDLING IRONY RESERVES

As far as national crises go, it's a fitting one. Despite almost daily showers of Hoffmania, the UK faces the threat of a permanent irony drought.

According to a white paper to be published by the Home Office later this week, excessively wry conditions over the past decade are to blame for the impending shortages. The report claims that last year was one of the most postmodern since records began and that as a result Britain must drastically reduce its ironic consumption over the coming months if it is to avoid long-term catastrophe.

Speaking ahead of the paper's publication, a spokeswoman explained that "a developed nation functions best at 35-45% irony. At 50% we start to see a negative effect on the collective consciousness." By the time it reaches 60%, she warned, "the damage is irreversible." The British cultural climate in 2006 was nearly 55% ironic.

The report concludes by noting that the government will endorse plans for an international irony trading programme which aims to slow down cultural climate change. Under the scheme the UK would be allowed to 'buy' stocks from nations with a surplus of unused irony, such as the United States and Germany.

This news will be welcomed by local authorities in several areas of the UK where the impact of irony depletion can already be felt. In parts of East Anglia, for example, supplies have been so low that local authorities have been forced to fall back on emergency sarcasm reserves.

"And that's really going to get us through the next twelve months, isn't it?" said Dan Tench of Norwich City Council.

"Thanks, people. Thanks a lot."



Unfortunately it isn't a bad dream.

There are many of us walking around in denial of the facts. Those being that the earth possesses finite resources; that in extracting, processing and consuming those resources we have an effect on the systems present on the planet that are both the source of life and the guardians of its longevity. It simply doesn't make sense to set fire to your house while sitting down to dinner.

Similarly it is against our so-called survival instinct to destroy the earth's ability to sustain us. Well, the cause and the effect are so far removed from each other in this case to actually merit much notice from the average person on the street. A fire in your house is in your face, literally: you're choking, spluttering your braised veal all over your house guests and you're all wondering, "Hey, what's going on here? Maybe we should do something!" Our current situation is more like a dinner party fogged with carcinogenic smoke from the molten melamine furnishings, ceiling tiles dripping into our pudding whilst we all politely discuss the current revelations of The Apprentice (or something else of equal artistic merit).

How is this possible? Shouldn't we be out in the street, pants on our heads wailing and scratching at eyes, screeching that the shit is actually hitting the fan?

Well, obviously the issues surrounding global warming, climate change etc aren't particularly at the front of people's minds. They are working all hours, feeding their families, coping with existential angst; waking in the middle of the night thinking, "Shit, am I where I should be because I might die tomorrow or next week, or next year and I never even got that promotion, saved the orang-utans or even fathomed the hidden wonders of Petra?!" So rocking up in someone's face and laying it all out in front of them like a really gruesome car wreckage and telling them that they are a major shareholder in the guilt-earth-death-guilt corporation and are ultimately responsible, is going to cause them to shut down and operate on standby. It is important that we are far more creative in educating ourselves and others about global climate issues in a bioregional context.



We gauge how to act more often than not by how others are reacting around us. In everyday life this depends on your friends and family, workmates etc, and the intensity of how they feel about climate change and the extent to which they react. Whether it be a community composting scheme or a bunker full of beans and a gun rack there is a whole spectrum of reactions and attitudes and all of these cause ripples that affect the wider community and our collective ability to cope effectively as a community.

Consider the effects of peak oil; reduced public services, higher food and fuel prices and scarcity of basic necessities and support networks.

Here is where permaculture and its relatively young and socially-minded brainchild, the Transition Movement, can have a key constructive role in this scene of enlightened activists, concerned community members and those of us in denial about climate change. Bill Mollison, who developed permaculture along with David Holmgren in the 1970s, said that we shouldn't wait for our governments to act. We should take responsibility and make the changes needed for ourselves. This is particularly important for urban environments and communities as they are the most vulnerable to the effects of peak oil (food production and distribution systems based entirely on increasingly scarce and expensive fuel) and therefore need to build systems of support and reciprocity such as community based agriculture schemes, localised food distribution and energy production to mitigate this.

Permaculture was born out of the observations and experiments of Mollison and Holmgren. In their words, it is "an integrated, evolving system of perennial or self-perpetuating plant and animal species useful to man." It is, in essence, a complete agricultural ecosystem, modelled on existing examples (in Britain, mature broad-leaved woodland as a climax habitat) but simplified and designed to fit into urban situations.



**EVERY DAY
WE AWAKE TO A FRESH
BARRAGE OF STATISTICS,
MORE REASONS TO BURY OUR
HEADS IN OUR PILLOWS AND
PRETEND IT'S ALL JUST A
TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE.**

PERMACULTURE.



This is particularly important today as we see more than half of the world's population, approx 3.3 billion people, living in the urban environment. Although, from a permacultural perspective, acres and acres of land, a smallholding at least, might be seen as desirable in order to practise permaculture effectively. This is really not the case as previously stated. Permaculture was originally designed to fit the urban model. In fact it can be said that 'PC' is more suited to the small scale. A classic example can be seen in The Earth Care Manual by Patrick Whitefield where Michael and Julia Guerra's garden serves as a case study for urban permaculture in practice. The inputs for their garden include approx two hours' work a week, a few barrow loads of manure from a local stable and about £30 a year on seeds. The outputs include an average yield of about 200kg of food a year, the equivalent of 36 tonnes per hectare, and let's not forget the added yields of biodiversity, beauty, exercise and somewhere to relax. The Guerras' garden is a prime example of a well designed and established permaculture system in a sub-urban setting that, although labour intensive to begin with, has over time proved low in maintenance and high in multiple yields. Although an inspiration, the Guerras' garden is not entirely representative of the options open to the world's 3.3 billion urbanites. For the most part they are either living without a garden in relative comfort in the developed centres of the west; or they are living in poverty, in slums and shanties bordering the urban centres of the 'developing world'.

How can we engage and aid these communities and what examples can we look to for encouragement and inspiration? For a start we can look to the communities we live in and seek to improve things there. This is not to discourage anyone protecting endangered species or habitats in remote parts of the world. It's just that for the majority of urbanites this simply isn't feasible. They need something they can touch and smell and eat and work on. They need to see the benefits to their social environment permeate through the years so that they may live and thrive there. Transforming urban space, either in the short term such as a temporary urban common, or in the long term such as a Community Supported Agriculture scheme, is a tangible change to people's surroundings that benefits both the physical and the social aspects of people's lives.



Growing Communities in Hackney is just such a scheme. Since the 1990s they have been building a combination of micro-sites, small urban organically certified plots, and a network of organic and biodynamic farmers within a 100 mile radius of London. They now supply over 400 homes with organic fruit and veg via a box scheme which is distributed via pickup points in and around Hackney. The first growing plot was formerly urban wasteland used as a dog toilet and crack den. It is now Soil Association certified and produces a variety of salad crops for the box scheme. The group behind the project are seeking new micro-sites, encouraging the elderly to lend gardens to production in exchange for produce and, most importantly, are keen to see the model replicated in urban centres across the country and are avidly working towards that goal.

So how can we make a positive impact like this on our community? There are, of course, many answers to this question. The varieties of options are really limited only by the imagination of the people involved and their ability to see their visions come to fruition. Community Supported Agriculture (CSA) schemes are becoming increasingly popular. With rising fuel and food prices allotments are now enjoying their highest uptake since World War Two. CSAs encourage more and more people to reconnect with where their food comes from. Working with a broad spectrum of community members is key to making them work. Whether they visit irregularly or are part of the volunteer base.

This is in many ways an intangible front line of protest and activism. Instead of mounting the barricades and shocking the rest of the populace into backing away from us as activists, it is important, I think, to reduce the 'us and them' factor. We do this by creating beautiful and productive spaces in unexpected places where perhaps apathy rules and morale is flat-lining. If such projects stay for even a short while, they can make an impact. This impact can be considered the yield of a permaculture system. Whether it be an appreciation of the beauty of a site or the production of affordable organic food for local people.



For me, one of the most valuable yields from urban permaculture projects is the cultivation of a heightened awareness. This is one of the most difficult things to achieve on a broad scale because we all assimilate information and deal with it in different ways. With this model of social activism we can make space for people to take on board some huge and often overbearing issues at their own pace and let their own process of realisation develop organically. When you work with other people and graft to create something tangible - an urban food garden for example; you facilitate the creation of a source of pride and a sense of ownership and autonomy among those people.

At some point in the future, a question will be asked either directly or rhetorically such as "So, why do you grow your own food?" and "Why are we picking up litter in this squalid forgotten patch of land?" These questions are potentially the starting point for a dialogue that can transform the way people look at society and the way it functions, this is what activists hope for all over the world.

What is perhaps unique with permaculture, is that here, information is presented against a back drop of community, safety and support. By enabling people to make changes for themselves in their local areas, a concept of community living, rather than individual shaming becomes the catalyst for change in our neighbourhoods.

ALEXANDER
METCALFE.

YOUR FREE FOOD.

28/08/08

AGE
14+

Gomez

06/09/08

AGE
14+

Bohemian Mods

Dead Like Harry

13/09/08

AGE
14+

Jeffrey Lewis

Joe Rose

20/09/08

AGE
14+

Wiley

The Ruby Kid / Playground Mafia

25/09/08

AGE
14+

The Metros

Jellobox / Living for Today

27/09/08 - Plug 3rd Birthday!!!!

AGE
18+

**Reverend
and the Makers**

Lords of Flatbush

29/09/08

AGE
14+

Lykke Li

04/10/08

AGE
14+

Iglu & Hartly

06/10/08

AGE
14+

The Streets

08/10/08

AGE
14+

Natty

10/10/08

AGE
14+

Stiff Little Fingers

11/10/08

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18+

Deadmau5

16/10/08

AGE
14+

Roots Manuva

01/11/08

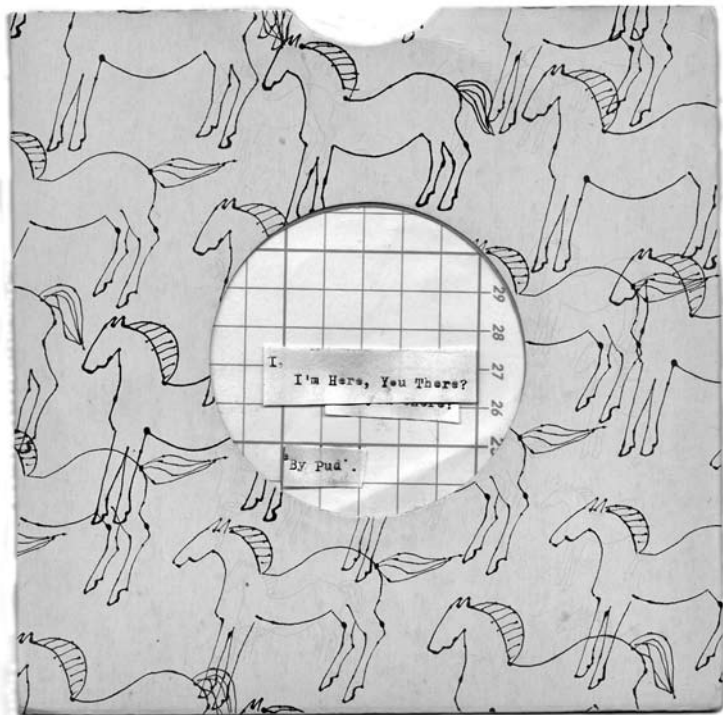
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Apocalyptica



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TODAY IS THE GREATEST DAY I'VE EVER KNOWN. TODAY, I WAS GIVEN FREEDOM. THE FREEDOM TO SUPPORT MYSELF, TO WORK, TO STUDY, TO LIVE. TODAY, I WAS GIVEN INDEFINITE LEAVE TO REMAIN IN THE UK.

Yesterday I was just an asylum seeker, I had no future and was losing hope of ever winning my case. I came to the UK in 2002 from Afghanistan; my family were all killed by the Taliban. I had nowhere to go, so I came here because I thought the British government would help me. I am against the Taliban.

Very soon I realised that the UK government did not want me here. My first asylum claim was refused and the support I was receiving stopped. Still, they could not send me home yet, but they had also taken away my accommodation - what could I do?

I love making things, so I started to work as a builder. I like to see what I have made, to know it will last a long time. I enjoyed my work very much and I now was earning money.

But in March 2005 I fell from the roof I was tiling. I fell all the way to the ground, about 30 feet, and I couldn't move.

I was taken to the Northern General and spent six months in the hospital. Still, I couldn't walk when I came out so they gave me a wheelchair. But I couldn't push myself in the chair because it was made for hospital corridors. I live on a hill in Burngreave. If I wanted to go out, I would push myself out. To get home again, I'd wait until someone passing would agree to push me back up the hill. It was like a prison to me. I can stand for only a few moments now, but when I was in hospital it took five people to move me. They gave me such good care in the hospital that it is because of them I can even stand now.

I also had a bill for £95,000 because the government policy is that refused asylum seekers do not receive free care from the NHS. This was a big concern for me. I live off just 30 pounds a week - how could I pay this? The worry got worse and worse and I couldn't sleep for thinking about it. But I am so lucky to have friends. Kath wrote to the hospital for me, and to Richard Caborn MP, and the Chief Executive of the Northern General Hospital, Andrew Cash OBE, sent me a letter telling me that he knew I could not pay. He wrote: "Clearly Mr. Ali is unable to pay these costs, this organisation has therefore written off Mr. Ali's costs. There remains a wider issue about how the NHS recovers these costs but it is out of the scope of this case."

One day the immigration officers came for me. I was staying at a friend's house, so they couldn't find me but if I had been home they would have taken me to detention.

After that, I had a fresh claim lodged with the Home Office by my solicitor so I was safe from being deported, at least until my new claim for asylum was dealt with.

In January the Sheffield Star reported on my story and the fact that I had a bad wheelchair. A lady from Dronfield, who wanted to stay anonymous, called me to offer me a wheelchair she had so I can get around. It's wonderful and I'm so happy to be independent again. But I was still so afraid of being sent home. Now, things would be worse for me. If you are disabled in Afghanistan it is seen as a curse.

I was so happy to have my new wheelchair, now I could go places by myself, I could go to town, to the cafe, to see friends. But when you are an asylum seeker, always you live in fear of being sent back to the place where you came from. For me, this was a terrible fear. My family had all been killed - what was there for me to go back to? And now, being disabled, I knew that I would have no work, no money, I would have nothing and no-one. Here I have friends.

But today my solicitor called me saying "Congratulations!" I said, "What for?"

He told me, "You have been given discretionary right to remain here, indefinite leave to remain."

I was so excited - I couldn't believe it at first, but I knew he would not joke with me. I called all my friends, to invite them to my house to celebrate.

So now, what do I do now? I have a life, I can begin to live. I want to go to college and become an engineer. I want to learn to speak better English. I want to try and walk again. All these things now I can do. And now, I can live without fear.

Joanna Sutherland interviews Aman Ali.

TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT ASYLUM SEEKERS AND REFUGEES IN SHEFFIELD JOIN THE FACEBOOK GROUP 'CITY OF SANCTUARY'

JOANNA SUTHERLAND.



AMAN ALI.

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**FORGIVE ME, FATHER, FOR I HAVE SINNED.
I'VE BOUGHT A BIKE BUILT POST 1959.
IN FACT, IT'S POST MILLENNIUM.
ALRIGHT, IT'S FUCKING BRAND NEW.
WHO SAID HYPOCRITES WERE DEAD?
I DIDN'T. YES I DID. ANYWAY...**

This is not the reason I'm feeling like Herod. For the bike is completely built in Britain. (12 Heaven points). The reason is because of where I bought it. I don't want to mention any names, but it's a bike shop on Bramall Lane. Imagine if the outlaw Jesse only used his initial and his middle name was Edward. This place should be sodding outlawed.

It all started eight weeks ago when I ordered my new bike. It's the only place in Sheffield where one can. Otherwise believe me, I'd have ordered it from anywhere else. The first thing the kid said to me was, "I don't know anything about these bikes." Fucking brilliant. Why me? I thought. And more importantly, why you? Why YOU? It was almost a celebration of incompetence. "I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll write down exactly what I want. Then you can tap it into the computer and nothing can go wrong." A bit like when you used your calculator to answer your Maths exam this year, Sonny. I watched him battle with the alphabet. To his credit, it was made more difficult by the fact that all the letters were jumbled up on his keyboard. Poor love.

More than the allotted time elapsed and I get a phone call telling me my bike was ready for collection. Euphoria and dread playing tennis in my heart. I walk in the shop. It's like that Anthony Gormley piece with the clay men. The staff bill in there could probably pay for a bike for every pupil in an entire Sheffield secondary school.

And for what happened next, I feel like I have insulted clay.

I gave my name and said I have come to collect my Brompton. "Brompton? Is that a bike?" If he wasn't dead, I'd have thought it was a new series of Beadle's About. It's like going into a travel agents to collect your tickets to Spain. "Spain? Is that a country?"

To cut an excruciatingly long story short. Dickneck brought down my bike. It was not my bike. My information on the bike, but not my bike. The one member of staff with something of a brain in the shop got on the phone whilst I paced up and down wondering how many of them I could kill with the biggest fucking lock they stocked. At one point she told me I was to wait another six weeks. I felt my hand twitch to the security section. I'm going to make you all very secure forever, I thought.

It transpired that my bike was across the road in the other shop (remember, there are two in the Bramall Lane area), being checked. I can pick it up tomorrow. And tomorrow, as I write, is still tomorrow. What could possibly go wrong? Did somebody say Wilson?

Yours in cycling,

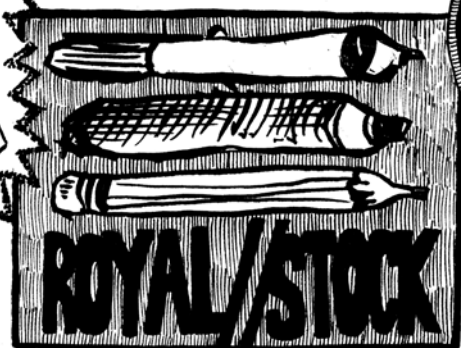
M D Hudson

CYCLING TIPS.

WITH MOCKTORIAN GENT ABOUT TOWN, M.D. HUDSON ESQ.

PAGE FOURTEEN.

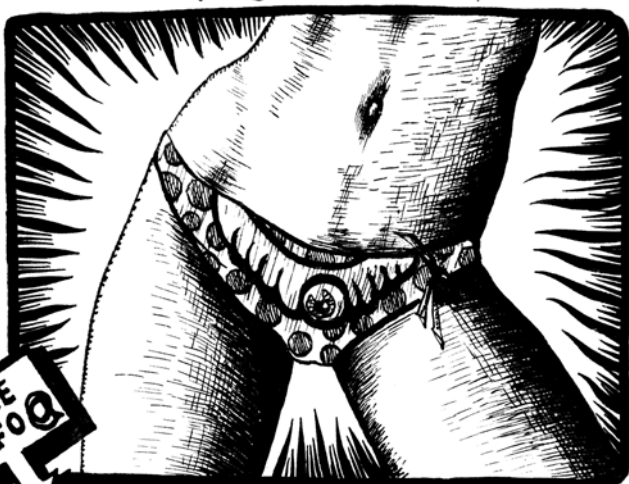
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Benedict Evans' photographs can be seen at gonzogallery.co.uk and he can be contacted for sales and commissions at gonzogallery@gmail.com. Much of the work printed in this publication has been converted to black and white for the purpose, with permission.

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**JOANNA SUTHERLAND.
GEORGE OLIVER.**

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Part 1
10pm - 3am

Saturday 9th August
Thank Funk It's Our First Birthday
Part 2
10pm - 3am

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Friday 22nd August
Live Music
Sheffield Children's Hospital Fundraiser - Precious Metal
6pm - late

Friday 22nd August
Thank Funk It's Friday
10pm - 3am

Saturday 23rd August
Dream Lover
Rock n Roll, Blues and Skiffle
8pm - 3am

Friday 29th August
Thank Funk It's Friday
10pm - 3am

Saturday 30th August
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Minimal & Tech House
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Hey, doll. What's a classy broad like you doing reading a magazine like this? Nothing in here about making your man's shirts whiter than white, sweetie. Now, why don't you run along and fix Starwipe a nice Martini? What'd you say to Starwipe? Don't make Starwipe come over there and...

Er, um, hello. Well, this is embarrassing. Starwipe apologises for that little outburst. It's just that reading the Star had transported him temporarily into 1949. Well, not the Star in general. More a particular Star story. A feature by one of the paper's top writers.

Ah, 'features'. That word that in journalese shorthand usually means 'stories that do not, in any way, matter'. The place where serious journalists can take their shoes off, kick back, and write any old detritus that has excreted itself onto the pages of their notebooks, safe in the knowledge that their editors won't bother to read the stuff anyway.

Starwipe assumes that Political Editor, Lucy Ashton has a difficult life. She has to cover the politics in a diverse, often combative city for a newspaper that has never met a story it couldn't mangle down to 400 words.

It's enough to make a political editor go a bit off. So Starwipe's not blaming Lucy for writing a jaw-droppingly dim-witted and sexist piece. Besides, it must have been her time of the month or something.

"SHEFFIELD Council," Ms Ashton breathlessly informs us at the outset, "has lost some of its sparkle."

Ah yes, must have been one of those Millennium projects. Real shame that the sparkle's wearing off already. Oh, hang on, it's something else? ...

"The committee rooms look greyer, the whiff of perfume has evaporated, and the corridors have fallen quiet without the click of high heels."

Yeah, well, I guess when the committee rooms stopped doing those two-for-one vodka shots this was bound to happen. "A clutch of high-profile women have left the council or are saying their farewells - and there's no denying the Town Hall is a gloomier place without them."

Now let's just stop right here. Political reportage has come a long way in the last quarter century or so, but female politicians still tend to earn sotto voce fashion critiques in otherwise 'serious' news pieces in a way that their male counterparts don't.

(If you don't believe Starwipe, Google "Hillary Clinton cleavage".) But it's a rare sort of throwback when a paper actually comes right out with a full-on 'Ladies of City Hall' fashion piece.

And my, the Star is full-on about it. An easy, pandering, let's-talk-about-what-the-lady-pols-wear story is bad enough, but we're so knee-deep in condescending talk it sounds positively Victorian. "Town Hall is a gloomier place without them", eh?

Lucy could at least endeavour to make it sound less like a party of colourful Pacific Islanders departing for home after a civilising visit sponsored by the Salvation Army. "Tottering on their spike heeled shoes, the painted savages bid us farewell..."

Lucy goes on to inform us that Conservative councillor, Anne Smith's May defeat was something of a blow because "the Town Hall lost its answer to Joanna Lumley".

Which is a good point. When Starwipe saw Joanna Lumley in the Cherry Orchard at the Crucible, he couldn't stop thinking "Wow! It's British drama's answer to Anne Smith!" And just when you think all hope is lost, we learn that at least one fashion icon still patrols the Town Hall corridors.

"But still-serving Labour councillor, Marjorie Barker is renowned for her colourful outfits - and once even wowed designer Laurence Llewelyn-Bowen."

Turns out that Marjorie was at some official function with the great man while wearing her favourite suit (navy blue silk, "most stunning hat, edged with green") and - ladies, how many times has this happened? - the outfit inadvertently matched the official council colours and therefore the ribbon on the chain of office around her neck. Lucy quotes the darling councillor as she explains that Laurence thought she was just the cleverest little thing for figuring out that matchy-matchy triumph. Well, that's nice Lucy. But why quote people when you can be so much more sycophantic?

"Marjorie, who loves to dress in a rainbow of colours from canary yellow to ice blue, says people often tell her how lovely she looks."

Right, Starwipe doesn't claim to be a fashion expert, but he's pretty sure that "canary yellow to ice blue" is less rainbow, more Swedish flag.

"I was at the Town Hall dressed all in pink with pink shoes and a little girl came up to me and said how much she loved them," she said."

Oh, happiness! Hopefully that girl has now seen that if she works really, really hard, someday she too can wear pink shoes.

Sadly, not everybody was willing to play along with Lucy's little tiptoe through the fripperies. Labour Leader, Jan Wilson sounded like she was thinking more about politics or some other form of men's work.

Jan, we learned, "certainly stands out when she wears her Converse baseball boots with a psychedelic pattern, but she admitted: 'Some women do brighten up the council chamber but, apart from my boots, I tend to wear a plain black suit.'"

Whoa! Abort! Abort! Quick, let's bring in somebody with lots of shoes.

"However, Joanne Roney, the executive director of neighbourhoods, will leave a large footprint when she goes. She is moving on to become chief executive of Wakefield Council - and will be taking her shoe collection with her. Joanne is known for her designer shoes, Tiffany jewellery from New York, and Chanel make-up bag - and jokes the city's booming economy has a lot to do with her lunchtime shopping trips.

"I hope members of the council's Cabinet have a serious think about how they are going to maintain the standard of designer clothes once I've left," she laughed."

And the residents of the neighbourhoods she's been directing will undoubtedly be relieved to learn that her shoe collection has been safely installed in Wakefield.

Now, look. Starwipe is not of the opinion that newspapers must be all dour seriousness all the time. Fashion has its place, as does descriptive feature writing. Excellent features writers often describe people - that's 'people' as in 'men and women' - in specific fashion detail as a way of setting a scene or looking for a telling detail. It's not that top hacks never mentioned Hillary's sensible pantsuits. It's just that they also wrote about Obama not wearing a tie. What top hacks don't do is dump all the lady politicians into an adorable little pink-trimmed ghetto for no apparent reason other than, m'eh, it's a features story.

ERIK PETERSEN.

STARWIPE

WORD LIFE

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BELIEVE ME?

There is a jazz bar at the back of my head.
A silicon doll with blonde hair,
sleeps in my loins.
A kitchen sink grieves at my feet.

I have had both legs, in a plaster-cast,
Simultaneously.

And that is no joke.

Believe me.

There is a car stereo in both of my ears.
A grand piano rolls down the hills,
I walk up.
A chair coughs politely, when I sit down.

I have fired a gun and burst, in too tears,
Ridiculously.

And that is no joke

Believe me.

There is a map of the river on my palm.
A man with wrinkly skin, lives in my pupils.
A boat I once made, floats on the water.

I have had help with my technology
homework work
Parentally,

Perpetually.

And that is no joke

Believe me?

JAMES LOCK.

THE NOD.

Let recognition break
The silence between you
With its upercut.

Learn the trick of
Swift backward tilt
And double eyebrow lift.

Get it right and, for as long you hold
the pose,
You can bridge the rift
Of different habits that made you
distant.

Chances are you'll go back on the
gesture
Too soon, regurgitate words in its stead
(That you may even stand by)

But both of you will know what is really
being said:
When we are strangers that pass each
other in the street
I'll look back to find you gone, coax a
nod from our past, walk on.

KAYO CHINGONYI.

MARRIAGE AT CANA.

Bride and Groom
stand face to face
and speak their solemn vows,
asking God to bless their union.

She wears stark white linen
and lilies in her dark hair,
coiled like rope at the nape of her
neck.

He looks splendid in his damask robe
inlaid with gold. His heart full
of pride and prides obverse, fear.

Sunlight filters through mist
that eats whole villages here.
White walls absorb shade and shadow
and marble the sea licking the shore
standing in columns across the cat-
spaws,
rich with feathers of white and gold.

In the garden servants set
six waterpots of stone
and fill them to the brim
for the Master to make wine.

CHRIS WATKINS.

THE MAGIC AXE. PART 1 OF 3.

All those terrible dreams last
night, like jumbo jets stacked waiting to
crash, one after the other, relentless. He
could still see those fuckers now, long
arms shovel like at the elbow, faces like
smashed in fruit, mouths like fucked
broken zips screaming at him for help.

Fuck you get in the queue.

Each night brought more
horrible slop, the creaking rudderless
dredger would bring, floating across
the waters of his subconscious and de-
livering unto him some warped twisted
truth about the way he had lived his
life. He had a foreboding sense that he
was fucked.

He got out of bed and went to
the bathroom, had a piss and then
looked in the mirror for some sort of
encouragement but he saw none.
Still the bloated drinkers eyes, the jaw
sinking into the neck. The pallor of his
skin didn't look too good either, orange,
as if he'd been away on the continent
for a fortnight, maybe his liver was
finally on the turn. No chance of
getting a girlfriend looking like this.

He picked up his razor, looked
at the grease on the blade and put it
back down again. Women, they were
just something he saw on TV and
queued behind at the bus stop. He
shook his head, turning quickly away
from the mirror, there was a noise
coming from downstairs, he tiptoed
onto the landing and stood there,
head cocked listening intently, the
sound of a man coughing, and then,
then he remembered.

Roy stood at the back door,
smoking watching Malcolm attempting
to slice some bread with a table knife,
the force squashing the bread almost
flat.

Why had Malcolm come last
night, armed with a crate of beer when
he knew very well that it was the first
day of Roy's detox. He was such a self-
ish bastard. And yesterday had started
so well, so clean, he'd been talking to
people in the newsagent, neighbours
that he usually ignored, telling them
how wonderful life is. They'd just looked
and nodded.

Unlike some many mornings,
unmemorable, shifting into the
afternoon with him twatted, face
down in the carpet.

This was no life for someone like him,
no life for anyone at all, 'it just wont do'
he said to himself as he wandered over
to the fridge to get the milk, a sense of
injustice and hurt suddenly welling up
inside of him as he opened the fridge
door and went for the milk, muttering
obscenities to the whole human race
when he spied the four pack of Export.

He stared at them, he could
see his reflection in the cans, sort of
made his face look thinner and less
orange, just have one he thought
ripping a couple from the pack. 'You
be wanting a beer Malcolm?' 'I've got
one thanks, came the reply. He was at
the sink scratching black off the toast.
'Why does toast always burn' said Roy,
'it does that with me.' 'It's not toast that
burns Roy, it's bread that burns in the
process of being toasted'. 'It fucking
looks like toast to me' said Roy, the can
tilted in his hand as he put a fag to his
mouth and lit it, puffed on it and then
started jabbing it towards Malcolm 'I'll
tell you what, if you're gonna start
getting funny you can go and get
funny in some fucker else's house.'
'Oh calm down Roy, I'm only being
pedantic.'

I'll fucking pedank you one in
a minute thought Roy. He poured the
rest of the can down his throat, ripped
open the one he'd got for Malcolm
and started pouring that one down his
throat, suddenly realising that there
wasn't much booze in the house, it
was only just gone nine and a
dilemma was approaching.

Bollocks to the detox.

Detox, retox, it was one letter
difference anyway.

STEVE SCOTT.

WRITING.

PAGE EIGHTEEN.





DAN MUMFORD.

PAGE TWENTY-THREE.



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NT.
BASICS, PLEASE... WHAT STARTED YOU DRAWING?

I started drawing at a very young age, my dad is basically a big kid anyway, and i think his interest in all things awesome (80s action films, videogames etc) rubbed off on me and I used drawing as a way to express that.

NT.
CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE PROCESS OF STARTING A NEW PIECE?

Racking my brain trying to think of something new and worthwhile to draw followed by a rough sketch for the client to see.

NT.
WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR INSPIRATION FROM?

I rarely feel that inspired these days, i think im a bit burnt out, but generally from other mediums like movie and film, anything with a good story.

NT.
TOOLS. WHAT DO YOU USE REGULARLY, AND WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE?

I currently pretty much just use a tablet and my uber powered imac, that pretty much does it for me at the moment.

NT.
WHAT OTHER ARTISTIC MEDIA HAVE HAD AN EFFECT ON YOUR ART?

Music is a big one, as i mainly work in music based art at the moment, from playing it and listening to it 24/7 that has quite a big impact on me. And also film, i cant stop buying films and DVDs, especially any good SCI-FI/Horror.

NT.
HOW DO YOU SPEND YOUR DAYS?

Sitting in my studio in front of the computer, emailing, designing, sometimes i do screenprinting in another end of town too, but generally im quite good and treat it like a job.

NT.
WHAT ARE YOU CURRENTLY WORKING ON?

Some 7" singles and an album for 'Evil Nine' and some tee shirt designs for various clients.

Oh, and some Skis.

NT.
ANY TIPS ON HOW TO SURVIVE MAKING MONEY OFF YOUR ART? AND DO YOU FIND IT IMPORTANT?

Well making money off my art is pretty important, as its my job so if i want to sustain living in London..i have to make money, which kind of takes some of the fun out of it, but maybe one day ill be able to enjoy it more and not worry too much about paying the rent. I have no tips really, just be organised.

NT.
WHAT DO YOU DISLIKE IN ART?

Bad art that plays to a current trend.

NT.
WHAT MAKES YOU SMILE IN ART?

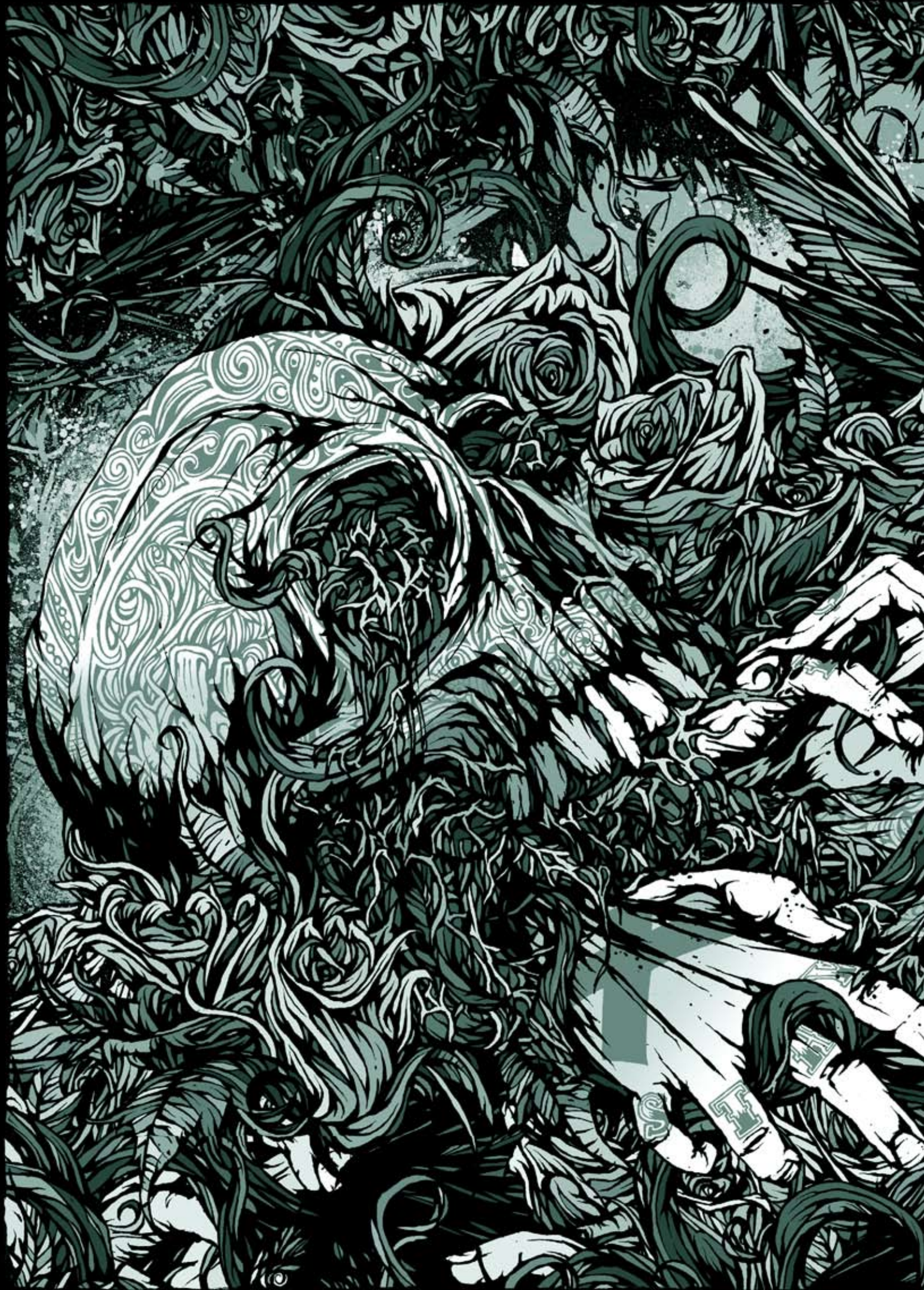
Intricacy.

NT.
GOOD ADVICE YOU WISH YOU'D BEEN TOLD EARLIER?

Build contacts and set yourself up early, before you leave University, otherwise theres a big fall coming.

JAMES LOCK.

DAN MUMFORD.







DAN MUMFORD.

PAGE TWENTY-FIVE.

DAN-MUMFORD.COM



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PHILIP DAVIES HAS A DEGREE IN ORIENTAL STUDIES FROM OXFORD. HE HAS TAUGHT RELIGIOUS STUDIES IN GHANA, AND WAS A MEMBER OF THE BIBLICAL STUDIES DEPARTMENT AT SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY FROM 1974-2000. HE LIVES IN NETHER EDGE.

I don't know what percentage of Sheffield's population is Muslim (or Catholic or trainspotters, for that matter), but it must be quite a few, and most of them my neighbours, it seems. My next door neighbour had a Muslim babysitter, I buy my paper from a Muslim newsagent, and when I need a taxi...

Last week we had a Sheffield Islam Festival that ran for four days. During that week there was a local meeting in what is becoming a new 'community centre' in the mosque on Wolseley Road (it's not necessarily saying a lot, but this is one of the finer modern buildings in the city). So that looks like our new 'Parish Hall'.

I see Muslim women strolling along the pavements near my house, or sometimes even washing the cars or cutting hedges; Muslim boys playing cricket in the road (as I used to long ago), taxi drivers, occasionally reckless young drivers in shiny black cars, shop owners, wedding guests. Most of the Muslims are Pakistani, Iranian, Kurdish, Somalis or Bangladeshi. But what makes them different from me is that they are Muslim. Not much else. A lot of them are British.

My experience of Muslims in the media, or in other people's conversation, is a bit different from what I see in Sheffield. There, Islam is often synonymous with terrorism, jihad, religious fundamentalism, oppression of women and hatred of the West. Maybe these things lurk in Sheffield too, but I don't see it myself. But what makes all these neighbours of mine different from me is their religion. And in a country (and a city) that is overwhelmingly secular, that is something unusual. Three hundred years ago, being Jewish, Protestant or Catholic would certainly make a huge difference (possibly a lethal one) to your life. But not nowadays. We have moulded our religion to other social, political and cultural agendas.

I used to work at the University, in its excellent Department of Biblical Studies, where religious and non-religious students from all over the world would learn the Bible's contents, study where its various writings came from, how it had made its mark on our culture, the theological systems it had inspired, and the various ways in which it had made its mark on our Western culture (which we have successfully exported worldwide).

FEED YOUR HEAD.

At the time I was leaving the University, one of the (many) buzz words heard and read was 'knowledge transfer' — meaning mechanisms and structures for communicating skills to and (more usually) from university to the outside world.

This is mainly done through business partnerships, consultancies, seminars, conferences. But of course universities have always been about transferring knowledge. It's what they are for, along with generating knowledge. We used to do it mainly through lectures and classes: now we do it in many different ways.

But education (which is a university's core business) is not merely about transferring knowledge. Currently it's under the direction of the Department for Innovation, Universities and Skills, which almost disguises the fact that we teach students to learn and think critically. It ignores (or perhaps even challenges) the fact that education is a socializing process, in which young (and not so young) people learn about the world but also the ways in which one can and should behave in it (including by trial and error, as off-campus student behaviour sometimes demonstrates). It's where the social circles of childhood and early adolescence expand, and where (ideally) a leap is made in growing up — though as you grow older you realise that 'being grown up' is only a deluded aspiration of childhood and never really happens. One of the important things that happens, or should happen, is that we learn to develop our own judgments and to trust in them; to be critical, to question. Universities do not train potential scholars or even academic high-fliers. But they do, or should, train people who think for themselves.

And this brings me back to Islam and to Muslims. I think Muslims in Sheffield are not getting a good deal from their universities, in two ways. First, neither of them offers any parts of degree courses, let alone degrees, in Islam, whether it's its ideas, its history or its culture. Sheffield Hallam has a webpage on 'diversity' whose 'Islam' link takes you to the BBC website. If you want information on Islam from the University of Sheffield, your best bet is the Iranian society. The Islamic Circle is an excellent resource, but it has no corresponding academic base. Its members do not study Islam here, nor do any others learn about the religion of its members. The academic exclusion somehow underlines the solidarity of the group, which is a pity. For we seem not to think that studying Islam is necessary or desirable: though universities continue to recruit Islamic students locally, nationally and from overseas, we do not include their own culture among the subjects taught or researched.

My guess — and I may be wrong, but I doubt it — is that not only are non-Muslims rather ignorant about Islam but so are many Muslims. Teaching in the Department of Biblical Studies has proved to me that students who claim to be Christian know very little about either Christianity or the Bible, beyond what they have been taught in church or at home. Are Muslims different? Should they not be able to learn about Islam at their local university? You may well ask: do they want to, given that they may be discouraged from thinking critically about it? Well, some Christians and Jews display the same reticence. But at least they have the chance to say 'no'. Muslims in Sheffield don't.

There may be more at stake nationally as well as locally here. Islam is now a British religion and like all religions everywhere and always, they adapt to their time and place (this is one thing to be learnt from learning about them properly). In Britain, as in the West generally, freedom of speech and thought are precious values of what we like to think of as a tolerant and democratic society. But freedom of speech is worth little where ignorance is the rule, where we think what we are told because we do not know enough to exercise any freedom. The knowledge that derives from ignorance is called prejudice. Prejudice is not necessarily malignant. It just means having an opinion that is worthless because it is uninformed. Never mind that the media are increasingly encouraging us to submit our opinions on any topic under the sun. They are only looking for cheap content. They encourage us to think that having an opinion is a right and that one opinion is as good as another. This is, as I see it, dangerous nonsense.

Let's get back to British Islam. Our own history taught us very painfully that secularism is the only context in which religion can exist without prejudice and without bloodshed. Secularism is not the opposite of religion or belief, and certainly not its enemy. Muslims, like the rest of us, enjoy more freedom to believe or not to believe, in the UK than in many other countries, including Muslim ones. The enemy of any religion is another religion, as long as each religion thinks it is right and therefore has the divine permission to impose itself. Only in a secular context can different religions confront each other in an intelligent and peaceful way. But the secular right to freedom of religion entails the right to study religion critically, to understand it not simply as divine command, but as human individual and social behaviour. This is also the way in which religions are encouraged to debate with each other.

In the UK, it is not acceptable for any religions to condemn any other, or to condemn non-religion. On this matter (as any who saw the recent Channel 4 programme on the Qur'an will know) Muslims actually have a better record than Christians. The shame is that most Muslims do not even realise this themselves! But a thousand years ago Islam was educating the West in science, philosophy and religious tolerance.

Since I studied Islam at university, I know, for example, that in the Middle Ages it produced science, philosophy and architecture that was nearly always better than anything in Europe. Of that period most people only remember the conflicts: the Crusades, the forced expulsion of Muslims (along with Jews) from Spain in 1492, or the sack of Constantinople in 1453. Muslims, Jews and Christians lived in harmony all over Europe, North Africa and the Middle East for most of this time, under different political regimes. It was, on the whole, the Christians who destroyed this peaceful coexistence. It seems to me, then, that living with Muslim neighbours is not a new experience for people in the West; peaceful coexistence is not something we have to learn, but only remember.

Could Islam be revived in the UK as part of this new coexistence? From what I know of my own Muslim neighbours in Sheffield, I cannot see why not. Can Britain produce Muslim scholars who can define what Islam is, as part of British culture? And can non-Muslims play any role? Yes. We need to learn about Islam, including things that many Muslims themselves may not know, we should know about its rich history and culture.

We must include Islam in our own academic curriculum, and not just in a few universities but wherever there are large numbers of Muslims among our neighbours.

It is up to Muslims whether they will participate in this critical exploration of that culture. And I bet some of them are waiting for the opportunity.

But will either of our universities take the necessary step?

PHILIP DAVIES.

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It has been a couple of great months of musical festivity in The Steel City. Peace in the Park, Splay'd Festival, The Dulo Weekender, The Big Dress Festival, Ruskin Park Fun Day and of course The Sharrow Festival and its surrounding Fringe events are amongst some of the most memorable.

These events have provided the Sheffield communities with fun, entertainment, live music and, for those talented enough to perform, space to express themselves creatively. The fact that Sheffield is lucky enough to have so many fantastic free events should not be taken for granted. Huge amounts of behind the scenes work goes into the organisation, fundraising and managing of these festivals. Most of it is done on good will, faith and a desire to serve the city's people with entertainment and a brief reprieve from the drudgery of everyday life.

A huge shout of respect goes to those hard working groups and individuals who make all this possible. They are the people that make Sheffield one of the most vibrant and exciting cities in the country.

Thank you.

The continuation of free summer festivals relies heavily upon fundraising and the behaviour of those in attendance on the day. Both of these factors have been issues at one or another of the festivals this summer.

The egging of Tariq Khan at The Sharrow Festival, though at the time seemed a fair and amusing justice for his over expectant and outlandishly brash attempts to involve the crowd, will undoubtedly have a negative effect on the festivals application process next year. Think about your actions.

Almost all the events struggled to raise enough money to actually happen, partly due to the newspaper headlines about something called 'inflation' and the perverse practices of 'credit crunching', but in many ways it is simply down to the shortage of hands to help. Over 5000 people were estimated to have attended Peace in the Park this year and yet the festival struggles to go on.

People obviously love these events; they are a time of celebration and act as an amazing forum for the various communities and cultures in Sheffield to congregate as one. So the next time you find yourself day dreaming about sunshine and music in The Ponderosa or eating sweet jerk chicken and rice, nodding your head along to reggae beats, remember that you can make it better next year.

Get involved and become a part of something you love.

REG REGLER.

SOUNDHECK.

VIEWS&REVIEWS OF MUSIC FOR SHEFFIELD.

PAGE THIRTY-TWO.

For Sharrow Festival please contact Alan Deadman - al@juridub.co.uk peaceinthePark.org.uk // speak.org.uk/what-speak-does/the-big-dress

THE PIE TASTERS.

28TH JUNE.
@
CORPORATION.

For what was an average sized crowd for a Saturday night at Corporation, the atmosphere was outstanding as young and old gathered together for The Rockers Revolt Tour.

Kicking things off were New York City's The Slackers who had clearly attracted a large percentage of the audience. Impressing with a solid but varied performance of proper ska music, they pleased their supporters as well as involving those members of the audience who'd never heard of them before.

Next up were ska super-group Pama International featuring members of The Specials, Madness, Galliano and Bentley Rhythm Ace. They describe themselves as a soul-injected ska, rocksteady and dub sensation, but on the strength of their most recent album, this reviewer was a little sceptical of their sensational powers.

Their live show, however, is a completely different experience and can be described as nothing other than awesome.

Pama's ability to blend funk and ska together with a soulful twist embellishes their music with a unique quality and passion. Do not miss an opportunity to catch Pama International at one of their many festival appearances this summer.

Headliners The Pietasters, have in their career shared bills with NOFX, Less Than Jake, Joe Strummer and have worked as James Brown's backup band - a force to be reckoned with.

Although their performance was professional and extremely tight, as their set developed the tempo rarely changed and the melodies seemed to become very similar, certainly lacked the same expression and soul as Pama International.

This sentiment was perhaps best summed up when The Pietaster's front man, upon returning for the encore, joked that the crowd would rather see Pama International or The Slackers return - his suggestion was received with a resounding cheer...

CHRIS MERCER

OPUS@THE SHARROW FESTIVAL.

11TH & 13TH JULY.

@ THE
CREMORNE
&DULO.

Two shows from Sheffield-based creative arts collective Opus Creations framed the Sharrow Festival on 12th July.

The Cremorne on London Road is a venue well known for its live music events and especially folk and blues. It seemed apt then that this first Friday night show should feature some of the finest acoustic artists from across the north.

Carl Woodford's effortless guitar playing and high-pitched haunting vocals drew a good crowd and got the ball rolling nicely. Following swiftly were The Random Family, putting in another performance in Sheffield but perhaps one slightly less memorable than their previous appearances.

By the time John Fairhurst took the stage a large crowd had drawn together. Tonight, though clearly knackered he put in a sterling performance, hammering and pulling at his strings as he worked his way through a set of original and reworked blues standards.

By the time he had thrown down his beautiful resonator guitar in excitement and exhaustion the crowd were whooping and certainly hankering for more live entertainment...

Two days later at Dulo, DJs Mr. Mr. and Mr Mercer played out eclectic beats whilst punters gorged themselves on burgers and chicken wings in the sunshine.

At around 10pm Denis Jones, the Manchester based acoustic loop pedal experimentalist, took to stage. Immediately drawing the bulk of the crowd inside with his bizarre set up of mixers and pedals he began to enthrall all in attendance as he literally built a wall of sound from the occasional strum, melody line or tuft into his microphone - spell-binding stuff.

King Capisce rounded things off in style with an energetic set of jazz, funk and blues licks topped by some astonishing saxophone playing that could easily rival the best of them. A thoroughly enjoyable weekend of music, roll on Sharrow 2009.

JOHN SWIFT.

SOUNDCHECK.

CONSOUL.

**2ND JULY.
@
THE HARLEY.**

The concept is simple: gather musicians and vocalists from around Sheffield who may never have met, let alone played together, and put them on stage to improvise.

Risky for the opening night of a monthly event, don't you think?

Sheffield rock-funk outfit 7 Black Tentacles have clearly put the effort into organising Consoul. Hanging above the stage are hundreds of small cardboard boxes resembling Nintendo gaming pads, handmade by the band and bearing the name of their new night.

The first combination is spoken word poet Joe Kriss backed by bass, keys, French horn and drums, played by various Sheffieldians. The band play within a variety of genres and, despite a couple of false starts, seem to entertain. The second improv act involves beats and synths from a laptop and a live cellist, later merging with a DJ and MC. By now the crowd is bigger and more involved; no mean feat for an opening night.

It's refreshing to see a new night taking risks. The first Consoul could easily have fallen flat on its face, but instead drew a decent crowd and held its audience well.

SAM WALBY.

THE PSYCHEDELIC SOLUTION.

**11TH JULY.
@
RED HOUSE.**

Located down one of Sheffield's dingier side streets, The Red House boasts a grim authenticity so hungered after by a certain breed of music fan. It is impossible not to feel slightly cool when drinking a medium-priced lager in this cosy yet eclectic venue.

The night kicked off with King Capisce, whose Frank Zappa-esque brand of instrumental jazz-funk got the crowd going early. Next there was Gentlemen of Junk, who kept it as simple as possible with the percussion, shunning the oh-so-conventional drum kit and instead opting for a cahon (an amp-like electric bongo drum). Though they began well things soon became a bit samey, with much of the crowd ebbing away mid-way through.

However, it was St Helens-based The Murmurs of Tension that really blew everyone away with what they describe as psychedelic pop. These guys electrified this small venue and the crowd sensed they were watching something more than ordinarily good.

The amply-instrumented Mojo and the Beatniks delivered another great performance, finishing the night off perfectly. But the stand-out act tonight were The Murmurs, proof once again that those so desperate to play the death knoll to simple guitar bands are sorely mistaken.

DANIEL O'BRIEN.

RIDDIMTION.

**12TH JULY.
@
THE EVERYONE CENTRE.**

Riddimtion stepped up on July 12th to provide night-time entertainment after Sharrow Festival. With guests Easy Style Soundsystem bringing a big set up and the bar serving delicious Caribbean cooking, it promised to be a good night.

Warming up were Riddimtion residents playing an energetic and varied set. Jaunts into dubwise reggae, ragga and jungle showed the breadth of the Riddimtion record bags after ten years of playing out and skilled selection meant that common threads linked the tunes nicely despite the fluctuations in tempo and style. French selectas Easy Style then took to the decks and the volume crept up.

Playing with high energy right from the start, they won the crowd over with an infectious enthusiasm for the music they played. Often exploring multiple versions of tunes and playing some fresh European reggae alongside more well-known tunes, the music was exciting both for those dancing and those content just to stand and soak up the sound. Riddimtion residents came back to carry things on into the not-so-early hours, with Daddy Radi especially good at keeping tired bodies moving. The crowd left fulfilled and full of tasty food, squinting and smiling in the warming morning sun.

BEN DOREY.

SOUNDCHECK.

JOSEPH AUER - *SPRING VARIATIONS*

RDS010



JOSEPH AUER. SPRING VARIATIONS.

JAUER.IVDT.NET

For internet users, free often means illegal. With so many people trying to make their millions without leaving the sofa, it's no surprise that everything has its price.

But inside this vast community so geared towards commerce and profit exists another community - that of netlabels, which release their music for free. London-based Redose Recordings is one such label, and Joseph Auer is one such artist.

Techno and electronica vie for dominance on Auer's *Spring Variations*. Airy synths form the basis of most of the tracks, underpinned by a sturdy kick drum that drives the rhythm forwards. Ambience is the order of the day, and Auer manages to retain a homemade feel without sounding amateurish, a sound that most net artists seem to strive for.

The album sounds best when it gives in to its techno influences. It really kicks off at the half-way point with the off-kilter, percussive 'Phlight Patterns' and 'Orchard', the album's most immersive moments.

Bass is not a prominent element of most tracks, but in these two it is the pulse, driving force and main melody.

Spring Variations sometimes borders on boring, yet its best parts are the definition of chill out. While it perhaps pushes the ambience a little too far, its techno influences work as a kind of counterbalance, keeping the ears interested and the head nodding.

The best part is that you are allowed - nay, encouraged - to freely distribute this album and many more under the Creative Commons licence. I love free stuff.

SAM WALBY.



HINT

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If you like your beats fresh and your genres eclectic - then this album is for you.

And yes, I know that my language is a little clichéd but I have honestly never heard an album so varied in style and yet so tightly arranged.

All too often our modern day producer-cum-chemists will throw a myriad of genres into the melting pot of production, if only for the sake of experiment. The results can be quite hit or miss, sometimes creating something quite novel and other times producing the aural equivalent of lead. On Hint's [Driven From Distraction] however, nothing falls flat.

Packed full of electronica infused hip hop/dance beats this album contains quite a few tunes guaranteed to pack out the dance floor, most notably 'At the Dance' (which sounds like Ultramagnetic MC's 'Critical Beatdown' meets Mr Scruff's 'Ug') and 'The Tremmuh' (uplifting keyboards that give way to a cavernous and grimey bassline).

Other highlights include 'Afro Love Forest' in which Kinny (another Tru Thoughts artist) lends her powerful voice to a lush backdrop full of drums, flutes and bass only to have Hint distort her voice ever so slightly in the chorus to produce something both uncanny and magical.

The main reason that this album works is obviously the sheer talent of the man himself, however beyond that it has clearly been a labour of love; Hint wrote, performed, recorded and mixed every track. This is impressive in its own right but what is more important is what this album represents: one man's freedom to auteur his music from start to finish, a freedom that he could never have had on a major label.

MARC JEROME

REVIEWS.



CARL WOODFORD.

CARRY THE STONE.

**MYSACE.COM/
CARLWOODFORD**

Carl Woodford's arrival on Sheffield's acoustic scene has so far promised to enhance its reputation no end. His self recorded E.P. Carry the Stone certainly testifies to this.

A reworked and whittled down selection of tunes from a previous full-length album, Carry the Stone provides a comprehensive demonstration of Woodford's technical ability as a folk guitarist. Open track 'To the City' and 'Soothing Song' showcase a kind of rhythmical drive that is all too often absent from contemporary folk compositions. The percussive beating of the guitar here is far from an attention-grabbing trick but an integral part of the music that is nonetheless impressive.

To add to the endearing proficiency Woodford displays over his instrument of choice, his singing voice is clear, solid and tuneful. Retaining an almost medieval quality, Woodford's music is more akin to British traditions of folk music than much of the new blossoming folk scene.

Though Woodford adds banjo, bass and percussion elsewhere on this record, the bulk comes from guitar and vocals alone. One can only wonder what Woodford might be capable of achieving with a full band, but as it stands Carry the Stone leaves its listeners yearning for more - the trademark of a great E.P.

REG REGLER.



ROOTS MANUVA.

BUFF NUFF.

BIG DADA.

After a long hiatus, Rodney Smith has returned with a new track on Big Dada records. Those hoping for something to match the challenging material of his back catalogue are unfortunately going to be disappointed. Aiming for a club-friendly sound, Manuva has handed production to Toddla T, who has provided a niche/bashment-influenced backing over which Smith raps adequately. The problem is that the whole enterprise lacks the depth we expect from one of UK hip hop's greatest talents.

A disappointment.

BEN DOREY.

SIR SMURF LIL'.

CANDLELIGHT.

**YNR PRODUCTIONS
YNR-PRODUCTIONS.CO.UK**

Emcee Sir Smurf Lil's latest release marries his original and streetwise flows with the richly textured production of Apa-Tight. On title track 'Candlelight' a wonky beat and piano line back up some inventive wordplay to make a song that forces you to listen. Track two is a little less inspiring - a rant against the police state with bland rhymes at points, but production is still solid. Worth a good listen.

REG REGLER.



CATS:FOR:PERU.

**MYSACE.COM/
CATSFORPERU**

Born from various home grown acts such as Crazy Fire Yellas and Southpaw, cats:for:peru have got the word 'amalgamation' patented, trademarked and stamped on their pretty damn clever little bottoms. Fair play, I'd say. There's enough of an indy riff to catch the young at heart with a move to a more serious progression as each song develops. I've listened to them online which gives me the songs I:am:the:O, Love in a Lift and Manifesto as food for thought. Solid quirk comes to mind regarding title choice.

The first track is a sample version of I:am:the:O, the latest release, that is now available on i-tunes, should you so fancy. Some Vs. Pearl Jam cleverly linked with some rather Weezer-like riffs couple to make this a pretty solid song. Though, for me, Love in a Lift and Manifesto are the ones that perked a bit more of a double take. Love in a Lift is arguably grunge where it could have gone, had not everyone involved distracted themselves so utterly thoroughly. In places it's snappy and in others progressive; the tone is always dark, sometimes shaded in musical arrangement while at others, very clear, very simple, and powerful as a result. Manifesto, in contrast, has a - dare I say? - electro-esque feel to it. But electro in a good way; in an Air, you're floating to rapid submarine blips, kind of way. This is then mixed anti-clockwise (I reckon) with some surprisingly fast Beruit-y ukulele which lightens up the darkly tinged vocals soaring atop. It's worth plugging some cracking drums on that track as well.

Exciting stuff. Sheffield band. Reportedly bloody good live. Need we say more?

GET TO THEIR LIVE SHOWS
10th August@Dronfield Music Festival
18th September@the Boardwalk

JAMES LOCK.

REVIEWS.

ONE OF THE MOST LOVED AND RESPECTED BEATBOXERS IN COUNTRY, THEPETEBOX'S VOCAL CHORDS ARE NOW MAKING WAVES ALL OVER THE WORLD. HOT OFF THE TOURING CIRCUIT WITH FOREIGN BEGGARS, WE CHATTED TO THE AWARD-WINNING, ONE-MAN BEAT MACHINE ABOUT HIS CRAFT.

TELL US A BIT ABOUT WHAT YOU DO.

Ha, an open question! My name's ThePETEBOX, I'm a human beatboxer from Nottingham. I've been doing shows for a couple of years now, using a loop pedal to layer my voice and create tracks. A bit of hip hop, drum 'n' bass, techno - lots of dance but some jazz and soul too.

HOW HAS IT GONE DOWN?

It's been absolutely massive! Last December I won a Channel 4 talent award, a nation-wide award for what they call 'future young creators'. I was one of twenty others - architects, film-makers, animators, fashion designers and all sorts.

SO WHAT GOT YOU STARTED ON IT?

I just heard Rahzel and loved it. I played guitar, drums and piano but thought beatboxing was too good to ignore, and so went on a mission to learn. Back then I just had Rahzel ripping out his fat beats, but you just have to keep going and get over the fact that you sound pretty rubbish for a while.

DO YOU FIND BEATBOXING TO BE PHYSICALLY DEMANDING?

Not when I've been practising and staying on top of my game. There's two parts to beatboxing, you've got to have the skills and arrangements but you've got to keep fit. If I've been away for a while or not practising then yeah I can get a little lip fatigue.

DO YOU HAVE ANY TIPS FOR PEOPLE STARTING OUT TRYING TO BEATBOX?

Yeah, basically don't do what I do and drink loads of vodka. Keep working on your beats and sounds. Don't drink too much unless it's herbal tea and honey and yeah, just keep doing it. I actually have some really great memories of my discovery and journey to becoming a beatboxer.

After discovering Rahzel I tracked down stuff like Killa Kella and it totally blew me away. I remember thinking this is impossible but after I kept trying at it, I just had these eureka moments when I'd get my head round a new sound or noise.

YOU'RE PLAYING A FEW FESTIVALS THIS YEAR. HOW WAS GLASTONBURY?

I ended up doing four shows as ThePETEBOX and two shows on the drums with my band Swimming. So it was quite hectic for me but absolutely awesome at the same time. A couple of weeks before that I did the Isle of Wight Festival, coming up tomorrow I've got Creamfields Central Europe which I'm headlining a stage at, and then I've got Bestival and (hopefully) Creamfields UK. Other than that this year I've toured France and Norway with Foreign Beggars, and I did Lake of Stars Festival in Africa at the end of last year. I did an advert in Mexico last March as well. You can see that on the Myspace - it's hilarious.

YOU'RE IN TWO BANDS, AREN'T YOU?

Yeah, one's called Swimming and one's called WeShowUpOnRadar. Swimming are psychedelic rock, WeShowUpOnRadar are indie-pop-folk - nursery rhyme lyrics and melodies but all very good.

SO ARE YOU DOING ANYTHING ON RECORD IN THE NEAR FUTURE?

Yeah, there's a Swimming album coming out later this year and I've just started a beatboxing album. We've only got two tracks down so far and it doesn't have a name yet, but it should be ready at the end of the year. There'll be bits and bobs - covers here and there but mostly original compositions.

DO YOU RECORD LIVE?

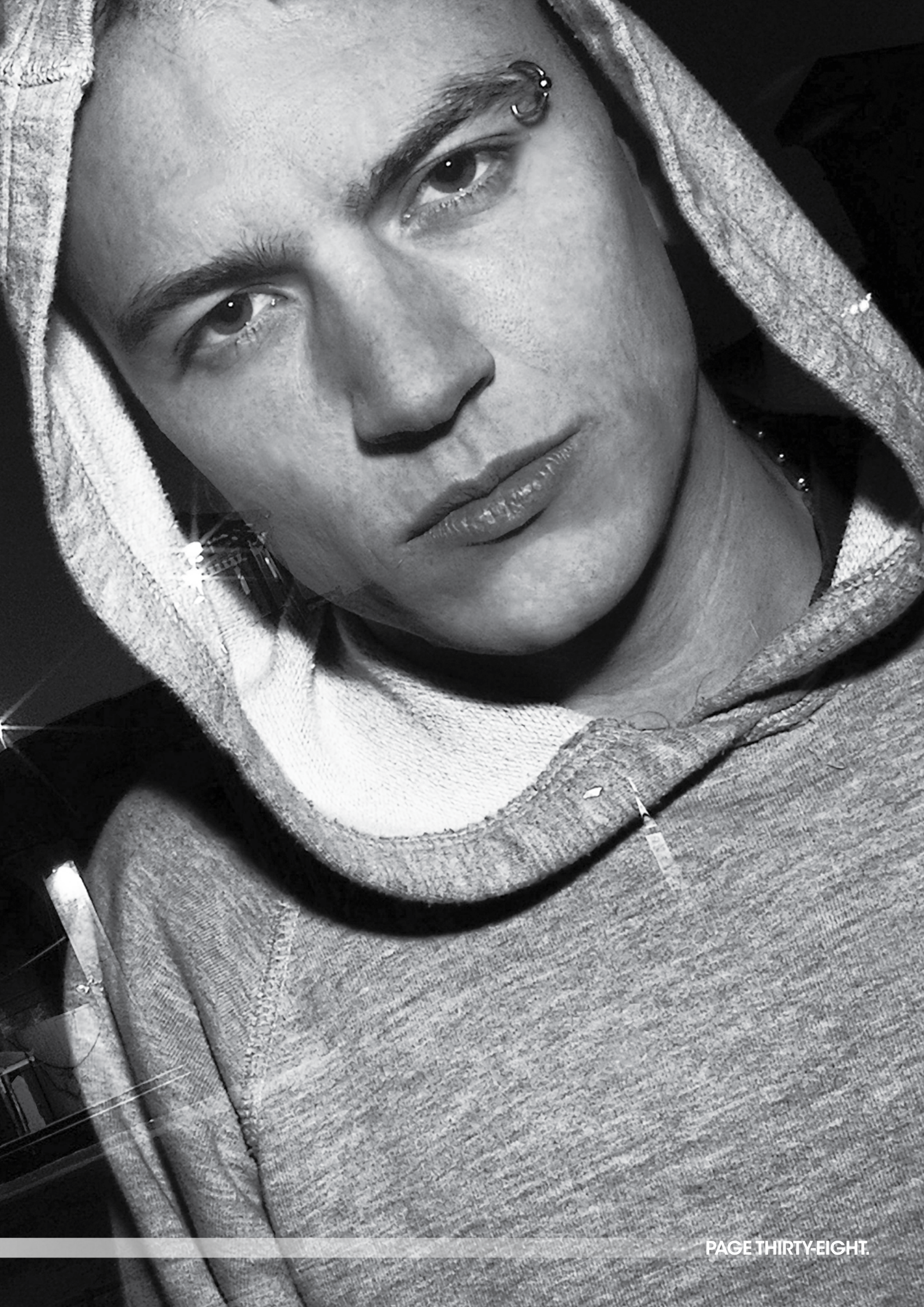
No, it's all studio-based. I think a live beatboxing album would be kind of boring. You have to strike a balance. If it was just me and a microphone, I might be able to do one or two tracks and people would be impressed, but it needs more variety. It has to be produced but at the same time you can't just chop up your vocals and have a producer do the whole thing himself because that takes away the magic element. So you need to strike a balance between making it sound really good production-wise and capturing the performance.

WHAT'S ON THE CARDS FOR THEPETEBOX?

Hit the festival season hard, a bit of touring later in the year and lots of work on the new album - keep beatboxing, basically.

SAM WALBY.

THE PETEBOX.



MOST PEOPLE READING THIS WILL REMEMBER A TIME BEFORE MP3 AND OTHER SIMILAR FORMATS RULED THE MUSIC INDUSTRY, WHEN A RECORD WAS SOMETHING YOU WENT TO THE SHOP TO BUY.

Sometimes it would be a disappointment, having no preview of what you were buying was normal and you often had to take a risk if you were interested by an album, buying it before you ever got to hear it. Thankfully those days are gone- today the power lies with us, the consumers, and we only need buy what we like, the best tracks on the album, the songs we most enjoy. This is something to be praised- although some music is indubitably best enjoyed as part of an album, too many record labels were taking advantage of the loyalty of fans, releasing all the best tracks as singles in the run up to the album launch just for the public to buy the LP and find that they'd already paid for the only good songs. Sound as though this digital music lark is a pretty good thing? Well, yes, if we don't abuse it.

Lightning fast advances in technology have also made storing all this music easier than ever, with the result that you can now walk around with a device the size of your wallet containing 3000 albums (assuming itunes standard price of £7.99 an album this equates to £23,970 worth of music, higher than the average annual income for a UK adult - a lot of people must be stealing if they can fill their mp3 players). Now we're not all like John Peel (R.I.P), we can't devote hours of the day purely to listening to music, so why do we need all this? Often swathes of it hasn't even been played; a lot of the time people just use it as a backing track to whatever they're doing, to drown out the monotonous sounds of the office or the drudgery of the gym.

Weeks worth of music uploaded onto an ipod with its primary purpose often just getting people through the day. Now whilst this isn't inherently a bad thing, showing as it does song's power to lift the mood, it has changed the way we listen. There is a danger that music will become for some a kind of sonic prozac, a means to an end, a way to escape. Now I'd certainly rather people walk around with earphones than prescriptions for mood regulating medications, but let's please not let music become purely an escape, a backing track. If only because the quality of what is released will inevitably suffer as a result - perhaps it already has...

Music is about inspiration, artistry and bringing people together, not turning your headphones up to full blast so that no one can talk to you and you can forget reality on the bus. Try and listen to tracks more than once - you'll like them more the second time if they're good, and at least from time to time sit down and listen to music as an end in itself, whether with friends or alone. Remember that quality, not quantity is key, that one song can bring a lifetime's joy but a lifetimes worth of unheard music on multiple external hard drives is a waste.

A brave new digital world is opening up before us, let's not allow our music to become its soma.

BEN DOREY.

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Sat 2nd Aug - £14 adv - 7pm *#

COMBICHRIST
+ ASHBURY HEIGHTS + UBERBYTE

Thu 7th Aug - £9 adv - 7pm *#

THE ICARUS LINE
+ LUSTRA + SUPPORT

Sat 9th Aug - £5 adv - 7pm *#

SILVERJET
+ DIRTY CHERUBS + IN THE NAME OF

Sun 17th Aug - £12.50 adv - 7pm *

CLUTCH
+ TAIN + SUPPORT

Wed 27th Aug - £5 on the door - 7pm *#

CHIPTUNE ALLIANCE TOUR
FEATURING: ANAMANAGUCHI
+ SABREPULSE + RANDOM +
FIREBRAND BOY + SPHERES OF CHAOS

Fri 29th Aug - £8 adv - 7pm *#

INME
+ SUPPORT

Sat 30th Aug - £10 adv - 7pm *#

NEVILLE STAPLE
(EX - THE SPECIALS)
+ RODDY RADIATION
& THE SKABILLY REBELS

Tue 2nd Sep - £12.50 adv - 5.30pm *

SUICIDE SILENCE
+ AS BLOOD RUNS BLACK + ABIGAIL WILLIAMS
+ THE BERZERKER + BORN OF OSIRIS
+ ANNOTATIONS OF AN AUTOPSY

Sat 6th Sept - £11 adv - 7pm *#

BACKYARD BABIES
+ SUPPORT

Wed 10th Sep - £13 adv - 7pm *#

MESHUGGAH
+ SPECIAL GUESTS

Sat 13th Sept - £10 adv - 7pm *#

PELICAN / TORCHE
(DOUBLE HEADLINE SHOW)

Mon 15th Sept - £10 adv - 7pm *#

KEITH CAPUTO
(LIFE OF AGONY)
+ SUPPORT

Fri 19th Sept - £10 adv - 7pm *#

DOPE STARS INC.
+ RICHARD CHRIST + SUPPORT

Sat 20th Sept - £15 adv - 7pm *#

Y&T
+ GLYDER + SUPPORT

Mon 22nd Sept - £6 adv - 7pm *#

FIGHTING WITH WIRE
+ SUPPORT

Sat 27th Sept - £11 adv - 7pm *#

DIARY OF DREAMS
+ SUPPORT

Tue 30th Sep - £13 adv - 5.30pm *

HELL ON EARTH TOUR 2008

WALLS OF JERICO
+ CATARACT
+ ANIMOSITY + THE RED CHORD
+ THE DESTINY PROGRAM

Thu 9th Oct - £7.50 adv - 7pm *

THIS WILL DESTROY YOU
+ LYMBYC SYSTYM + SUPPORT

Sat 11th Oct - £10 adv - 7pm *#

ROTTERSAND / REAPER
(DOUBLE HEADLINE SHOW)
+ DEVIANT UK

Sun 12th Oct - £12 adv - 7pm *#

THE BEAT

+ SKAVILLE UK (FEATURING RHODA DAKAR
OF THE BODYSNATCHERS / SPECIAL AKA)
+ THE FUCKWITS

Sat 18th Oct - £10 adv - 7pm *#

COLONY 5
+ CYBERCIDE + PROTOTYPE

Thu 13th Nov - £14 adv - 5.30pm *

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+ DESPISED ICON + ARCHITECTS
+ PROTEST THE HERO
+ WHITECHAPEL + CARNIFEX

Fri 14th Nov - £13 adv - 7pm *#

DUB PISTOLS
+ SUPPORT

Sat 22nd Nov - £8 adv - 7pm *#

WAYSTED
+ SUPPORT

Sat 29th Nov - £tba - 7pm *#

DREADZONE
+ SUPPORT

Sat 13th Dec - £8 adv - 7pm *#

WARRIOR SOUL
+ SUPPORT + THE STONED

Sat 20th Dec - £12 - 7pm *#

BAD MANNERS
+ SUPPORT



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INDEPENDENCE.

The philosophy of independence is often a difficult one to apply practically. In attempting to do so, one is often found questioning what it is we mean by independence and whether indeed this term has anything more than a fleeting, fictional, relevance to our interrelated and often complex lives.

A nation can be independent, in the sense that it is free to devise its own laws, language, economy and culture; its own government. A nation's independence therefore is defined by the degree of autonomy it has in deciding its own actions and what it is responsible for.

Business too can be independent. An independent business in this country is defined largely by a concept of ownership. Who owns your business? If the answer is yourself - and you are not a public Ltd. company, then the chances are, you are independent. It is a mixed bag - some traders have corporate investors, some independent traders operate under tenancy agreements.

Essentially what this comes down to is, do you own enough of your business to have and take full control of its actions and responsibilities.

Humans too, can be independent. This term is often used in the sense of someone being, self reliant or self representative. (Or 18 and in the process of being prosecuted.) A person has independence if they do not rely on their peers to form decisions and take responsibilities. A person is independent if they choose and define their identity in a way that is unique to their own experiences.

It seems that across this broad spectrum, from nations, to business' to humans, that independence has many tangents; autonomy, ownership, and identity to name but a few. What seems consistent in this though is the perception that something or someone is independent if he or she, has the power to act on and be responsible for their own choices.

What do you think?

JAMES.

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SHEFFIELDLIVE.ORG



OPUS.

**THIS IS THE LIFESTYLE SECTION
OF NOW THEN.**

**LIFESTYLE IS ABOUT PERSONAL
CHOICE. THE CHOICE TO ACT
INDEPENDENTLY AND BRING
YOUR OWN CHARACTER TO
YOUR ACTIONS SHOULD BE
CELEBRATED.**

**WE'LL BE EXPLORING THE BEST
OF THE UNDERRATED AND
OVERLOOKED INDEPENDENT
TRADERS AND COMMUNITY
GROUPS HERE IN SHEFFIELD;
NOT A CHAIN STORE IN SIGHT.**

**THIS MONTH THE THEME IS
CLOTHING, CLOTH AND CURIOS.
HAVE A READ, THEN GO
TREAT YERSEN.**

CHECK OUT

**ALL SEASONS.
CASTLE MARKET.**

&

**BIG JIM'S.
COMMERCIAL STREET.**

**WELL WORTH A VISIT
AND A FEW PENNIES...**

**FEEL FREE TO LET US KNOW
ABOUT YOUR FAVOURITE
INDEPENDENT GEM SO WE CAN
SPREAD THE WORD.**



ALL SEASONS.

All Seasons grocery store in Castle Market has established itself as one of the most successful market traders and has an excellent reputation throughout the catering industry for their quality of service, competitive pricing and their dedication. Talking to Lee and Sharon who run All Seasons you quickly realise that this reputation is justified. "Most days Lee's at the market for 2 or 3 in the morning to pick up the telephone orders for that day."

There's a note of admiration in Sharon's voice as she talks about her partner's work and I can't help sharing it as I watch over my shoulder Lee bringing in yet another delivery, this one of some huge sacks of rice. It's 3.30 in the afternoon and the guy's still smiling... unbelievable. There's an old fashioned honesty and passion about All Seasons which is truly refreshing in our world of huge corporations and supermarkets. Every customer is treated as an individual, there's friendly banter flying around and you feel genuinely comfortable chatting with the staff and customers as you browse the huge variety of produce.

But All Seasons isn't just about traditional values and hard work. Sharon told me of her latest venture into fruit drops: "Basically we'll deliver fresh fruit to offices daily for the staff, the company pays for it but really it pays for itself as the staff are happier and the feedback we've had from our customers is really positive. It's a new service for us but it's growing rapidly and proving really popular with the businesses and staff." The stall's toward the back of the food court in Castle Market. Pay them a visit, save yourself some money and support a local company who are doing good things for Sheffield.



BIG JIM'S.

Big Jim's on Commercial Street is a fish and chip shop with a difference. Instead of overcooked fish in greasy batter and chips that are limp and soggy, tasting of their third or fourth re-fry, expect fresh cooked fish in a homemade batter and homemade chips prepped on site. And it's not just the food that's different; the place feels more like a comfortable cafe than a greasy friery, with pine tables, artwork on the walls and a bright cheerful atmosphere. Owner Imran explains to me his plan to bring back traditional values to fish and chips: "I sometimes get customers who are surprised to see a fish and chip shop with a restaurant attached. It always shocks me. I mean, really what's more traditionally British than a fish and chip restaurant? It's a bit sad really that everyone's forgotten that." It's not just his restaurant that he's proud of but also the quality of his food. "Everyone says that fish and chips are fattening and greasy, but they don't have to be. Really, fish and chips can be very healthy, the skin of fish is loaded with Omega 3 and we use a special type of oil that's healthier for you and doesn't soak into the food." Not only is Big Jim's trying to promote healthier and fresher food, they're also working closely with the local communities around them. At their launch party on 18th July, which was attended by the Lord Mayor, they pledged 15% of their next week's takings to the mayor's designated charity.

NICK BOOTH.

TRADERS.

IN THIS SECTION WE'RE GONNA
NAME A FEW SHEFFIELD FORMS
OF FUN, FOOD, DRINK AND
MUSIC; PRETTY MUCH WHAT-
EVER SPRINGS TO MIND. THE
AIM OF THIS IS TO GIVE CREDIT
WHERE CREDITS DUE.

VISIT THESE PLACES, DO THESE
THINGS AND GENERALLY ENSURE
THAT YOU, HAVE AT LEAST THE
OPPORTUNITY TO EXPERIENCE A
NOW THEN GOOD TIME. TELL US
WHAT YOU THINK AT

FAVOURITESFEEDBACK@
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WE LIKE:
**THINKING
CHOOSING
LAUGHING
MUSIC
ART
INDEPENDENT FOLK
PASSIONATE FOLK
GOOD CLEAN FOOD
VIVID EXPERIENCES
AND ANYTHING IN BETWEEN!**

KEEP US UPDATED.. IF YOU KNOW
OF A GREAT SHEFFIELD EVENT,
PLACE, OR EXPERIENCE TO BE
HAD, TELL US AND WE'LL GO
CHECK IT OUT OURSELVES.

EVERYONE'S A WINNER.

ZEITGEIST ZEITGEISTMOVIE.COM

A trilogy of true lies.

Zeitgeist the Movie was released online
in 2007. It's about an hour or so long
and it'll mess with your mind
like a burial. The term 'zeitgeist'
directly translates in German as
'the spirit of the age'.

Other little goodies that
Wikipedia has for us is that it 'describes
the intellectual and cultural climate of
an era'. Beautiful. For me that doesn't
quite cover the total head destruction
that this film seems to dole
out so willy nilly.

But first things first, don't dash to that
computer yet. A few words to the wise.
The film is American, therefore
expect the appropriate degree of
sensationalism, accent, and complete
disregard for the subtleties of irony.

Secondly - and this is important - you
may find yourself questioning every
little gesture, but it's enough of a
problem (for all of us), if even half of
this is remotely accurate. And
personally speaking I reckon its well
over half. Go find out for yourself.

That being said, let me tell you a little
bit about this bear in a visual cage. The
film was produced by a man called
Peter Joseph and he basically wants
people to question, the cultural,
financial and political institutions that
guide the social fabric of the western
hemisphere. Its a big remit.
But he does well.

There are three distinct parts to the
film. Part one concerns the nature of
religious mythologies. Part two is an
in-depth look at our war on Mr Terror.
And Part three is a malignant head
wound of a study into the history of
international banking cartels.

Genuinely this film effects me.
Watch it yourselves. Use it for the
questions it asks rather than the
answers it provides and you
won't go wrong.

Good hunting.

WIG&PEN. AND PLATILLOS. LEOPOLD SQUARE.

The Wig and Pen has long
been established as one of Sheffield's
premier restaurants and bars, head
chef Alex Shaw (formerly pastry chef at
the michellin-starred Old Vicarage)
has consistently created innovative
and seasonal menus that have
gained national acclaim and
won several awards.

Recently re-opened after a
large extension and re-fit the Wig's
looking better than ever with an
extended bar and restaurant area and
outside seating in paradise square.

Mr Shaw hasn't been lax either using
the opportunity of a new kitchen to
launch an exciting new summer menu,
I have it on strong authority that the
parfait is not to be missed.

The Wig and Pen's sisters
restaurant Platillos opened last year
to wide acclaim and has since
proven all the hype was worthwhile.
With a huge fresh tapas menu in the
restaurant and a selected menu
available in the downstairs bar
including a wide selection of
freshly made sandwiches
there's dishes to suit all.

But Platillos isn't just about the food,
excellent though it is, this place has a
bit of everything going on with great
cocktails and drinks and live music
on wednesdays. They're also working
closely with various other independent
business in the local area including the
Urban Deli and there's talk of an inde-
pendent food fayre coming soon which
we can't wait to hear more about.

FAVOURITES.

LONDON ROAD GALLERY. 100 LONDON ROAD.

Run by photographers, Beris Conolly and Adrian Wynn, and exhibiting their work. The London Road Gallery is about 10 minutes walk from the city centre. The photography is mainly from the late 80s and early 90s and the often stunning images capture the rapidly changing nature of our city.

Pictures of disused steel factories alongside the skeletal framework of an unbuilt Ponds Forge trace the development of Sheffield's modern face. As well as providing a photographic narrative of the city's recent history, the collection recalls a Sheffield which many of us were not here to see. Framed prints of all the work are available at affordable prices. Definitely worth a look in.

THE GREEDY GREEK. 418-420 SHARROW VALE RD, HUNTERS BAR.

This is a fantastic little deli restaurant just off Hunters Bar that brings a true taste of Greek food to Sheffield. Fresh ingredients, friendly service and a comfortable seating area all combine to give the Greek a real edge on its competitors. Food ranges from homemade hummus, to kebabs, to moussaka, with plenty of vegetarian options available.

Personally I recommend the mixed Kebab - bringing glory to an often stigmatized name. Fresh meat. Green Salad, and a mixture of sauces to baffle the senses. This is the one folks. The Greedy Greek combines all that is good in small restaurants: fresh food and dedication to quality.

Go forth. Go Greek.

PENELOPES. 53-55 ARUNDEL GATE. PENELOPESADVENTURES.CO.UK

Hidden beneath the depths of the Odeon, Penelope's is rapidly becoming one of Sheffield's most popular clubs. Set up in what used to be a small casino, the club has an intimacy which is lost on many bigger venues.

This month we recommend -Strictly Penelope's on the 2nd August. Featuring music from modern jive right through to ballroom. This is uniquely, a night to bring your dancing shoes to.

Penelope's features a wide range of dance and live musics enabling it to retain an enviable feeling of freedom and individuality. With cheap drinks thrown in as well, we love it and so should you.

THE CREMORNE. 185 LONDON RD.

The Cremorne is situated about midway up London Road. Personally speaking, I reckon it's one of the best pubs in Sheffield. The reason for this is to be found deeply inscribed in the word 'atmosphere'. Look closely. Find me another pub with a bear pit for a stage. Or a pub with a smoking area featuring cobbled together sofas, Kid Acne designs and a wilful disregard for the words 'Feng' and 'Shui'... it's difficult. But amazing to see. What is also superb is the way that locals and newbies alike are kept happy with friendly bar staff and innovative live entertainment. Nights such as Naz Drove and more recently, the Sharrow Fringe make this pub one of our favourites.

Witness.

CAFE 9. 9 NETHER EDGE ROAD, S7.

A secluded little cafe in Netheredge just round the corner from the Old Sweet Shop, Cafe no.9 is a truly unique place to wile away an afternoon ensconced amongst flickering candles and the lingering scent of coffee.

Cafe 9 offers a wide range of hot drinks and excellent homemade food. A perfect place to chill with friends or enjoy some much needed solitude lazing in front of the Guardian crossword (photocopies of which are available in the cafe).

With an outside seating area that faces on to the leafy avenues of Netheredge, Cafe no.9 has a continental atmosphere and highly personal feel that no Starbucks could ever hope to achieve.

Pay it a visit.

FOX'S WINES AND BEERS. SHARROW LANE.

Take a stroll up Sharrow Lane and you'll see an unassuming little shop on your right - Fox's Wines and Beers. No clue yet as to the delights to be found inside except a small sign above the window - "Discount music specialists". This is what drew us in. Aside from a selection of drinks, confectionary and hair products, Fox's stock a huge array of DVDs (including a massive array of Bollywood titles), available to buy or rent.

Topping it all off is the fact that if you ask this friendly shopkeeper to hear some music he'll present you with boxes full of imported reggae rarities on 7" which he's happy to play for you in the shop.

We've purchased a lot, check the place out for yourselves and become addicted.

FAVOURITES.



END.

PAGE FORTY-FIVE.

YOU HEARD.

MON	4PM-12AM
TUES	4PM-12AM
WEDS	4PM-12AM
THURS	4PM-12AM
FRI	4PM-1AM
SAT	4PM-1AM
SUN	4PM-12AM



THERE ARE BITTERS ON TAP AND LAGERS ON DRAFT
IN A PROPER OLD PUB THAT'S NOT TIED TO THE PAST
WITH LIVE BANDS AND DJ'S NIGHTS GO ON 'TIL THE MORN
JUST DOWN LONDON ROAD INSIDE THE CREMORNE.....A FREE THINKING PUB

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Question...

Which has the lowest calorie and fat content?

- ☒ Chicken Tikka Masala?
- ☒ Chinese Sweet and Sour with fried rice?
- ☒ Traditional Fish&Chips?



MAP.

- | | | | |
|-----|-----------------------------|-----|-------------------------|
| 1. | HAYMANS BUTCHERS. | 11. | CORPORATION & DEV CAT. |
| 2. | THE SHAKESPEARE. | 12. | DQ. |
| 3. | ALL SEASONS. | 13. | PLUG. |
| 4. | BIG JIMS. | 14. | DULO. |
| 5. | THOU ART. | 15. | LONDON ROAD GALLERY. |
| 6. | PENELOPES. | 16. | HARRISON CAMERAS. |
| 7. | THE GRAPES. | 17. | THE CREMORNE. |
| 8. | RARE AND RACY & THE BOWERY. | 18. | MISH MASH. |
| 9. | GREEN ROOM. | 19. | SHARROWVALE LAUNDRETTE. |
| 10. | PLATILLOS & POPOLOS. | 20. | THE OLD SWEETSHOP. |

KEY.